What a Train Wreck
Can Prove

WHAT A TRAIN WRECK CAN PROVE.

By Chester Walters

If you've never felt happy and sad at the same time, except at the movies, we suggest that you read these newspaper stories of the last weekend's Congressional Limited wreck again. Because that's just the way we felt.

We were overwhelmed with horror at the descriptions of the wreck, and with sympathy and pity for the victims. But there was something in these stories that made us hopeful for this old world, just the same.

When the wreck happened, nobody passed by on the other side.

Neighbors, hearing the noise of the crash, ran from their homes to look, and stayed to help. Taxi drivers, servicemen, and just plain Joes pitched in to save as many lives as possible.

In all accounts we read, nobody stopped to ask: "What's in it for me?"

People turned their homes into first-aid stations, their cars into ambulances, and their clothes into rags, without much thought of the consequences.

We might add, and in a whisper, that somebody was heard to remark: "But there's no profit in helping." Nobody made any profit, but they all helped.

Maybe profits are'nt the most important things in the world afterall.

Negroes and whites, Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, even so-called "aliens", lent a hand.

Nobody said, "Step to the rear, N---s." They said, "Hey, fella, help me move this girder." And he did.

White soldiers carried out colored babies. Guys names Smith helped girls named Raskewski. And vica versa all along the line.

Maybe race is'nt the most important thing in a case like that either.

Catholic priests saying prayers for dead Protestants. Gentiles, in turn, treating Jewish women.

Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, maybe even a Mohammedan or two.

Guess that it is'nt religion that matters, either.

You know, some day we're going to wake up and realize a few simple facts. Like these:

Poverty is a train wreck.
Hunger is a train wreck.
Disease is a train wreck.
Ignorance is a train wreck.

Then we'll all pitch in, like the neighbors at Frankford Junction.

And God help the guy that tries to divide us with profits, or "race" or "religion" or politics-- or "What's in it for me?"

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